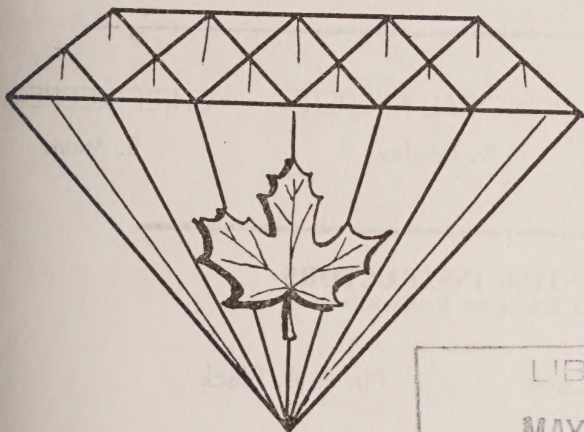


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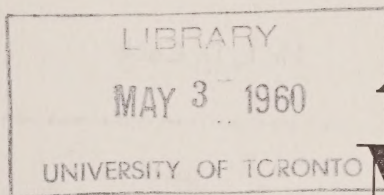
C.B.



April

1960

P.O. Box 190
Kingston, Ontario.



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THE DIAMOND



Founded 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY with the permission of MAJOR-GENERAL RALPH B. GIBSON CB, CBE, VD, QC, LLD, Commissioner of Penitentiaries and with the sanction of COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND, Penitentiary Warden.

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CHIEF KEEPER

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PRINTING INSTRUCTORS

At Kingston Penitentiary

Mr. L. D. Cook

Mr. A. A. Slack

The Collin's Bay DIAMOND

is published to bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public and to provide a medium for creative expression. It is the aim of the DIAMOND to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics.

Permission for republication of articles appearing in the C.B. Diamond is granted, with the proviso that the Diamond be credited.

TO OUR READERS:

Ah! Lovely Spring! (At this writing we have just had an 18-inch snowfall). We mustn't let our fancy turn to thoughts of love; but then we don't feel young anyway.

The Old Men of the DIAMOND, average age 24, are in somewhat of a quandry. We don't know what the outside reader desires to know about the prison and life therein. How about giving our tired little brains (?) a rest and letting us know what you are interested in.

The mountains of mail that we are likely to receive in answer to our plea will sorely task our mail handling facilities. We will probably have to set aside another half hour each month for the reading of mail. At the present we are so overloaded with Letters to the Editor that we take turns reading the letter we get each month.

Sincerely, we are interested in what you have to say about our publication and what you are interested in reading about prison life. What seems very commonplace to us may be what interests you most.

Oh, yes! While on the subject of the reader's tastes, Old Scrooge (Ye Editor), has been accused of showing his bitterness to the reader and one of our western penal publications has taken us to task for this lack of tact. Please, no more of this warranted criticism; Scrooge has been unable to face the world since being exposed and now hibernates in his cell. Surely our western humanitarians will take pity on him and get off his back.

And there is not one promise in the whole column!

Your letter, we know you are already reaching for a pen and paper, should be addressed to:

Ye Editor,
C.B. Diamond,
Box 190,
Kingston Ontario.

Collin's Bay

DIAMOND

April 1960

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Census

Total Population ..	456	Discharged	18
High Number	5519	By Expiry	9
Low Number	3646	By Parole	9
Transfers	3	At Large	0
Receieved	30	Deaths	0

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MORTGAGE

MANOR

By Lex Schrag

Editor: *We have been told that it is tradition for editors to be impartial and fearless, hence in defence of policemen, we give the reader the following treatise. Could it be Mr. Schrag is testing our sense of humour? Or is he mad at Ye Editor and wishes to have someone do him in?)*

*Specially written for
the Diamond.*

Now and then, the churl of Mortgage Manor, that half-acre of monotony in the easterly tedium of Metropolitan Toronto, has vaguely wondered why he has never been enrolled for a semester or so in a federal, or even provincial, ug.

Ordinarily, he would take little time from the compilation of swindle sheets and the ingestion of comic books to speculate on the subject. Since he has had the honor to be appointed *The Diamond's* Toronto correspondent however, he hopefully imagines the question might interest that estimable journal's readers.

The churl is a bit diffident about discussing the matter. A dissertation of the sort is somewhat in the nature

of shooting sitting ducks. The churl is not inclined to shoot ducks, sitting or flying. For some odd reason, he has no urge to inflict pain on anyone or anything. And besides, it's too cold and damp in duck blinds for his aging bones.

In this instance, however, the ducks don't have to sit and be shot. They cannot, to be sure, get up and walk very far away. But they need not read the churl's vaporings if they don't care for them.

After careful cogitation, the churl concludes that the prime reason he has never been deprived of his liberty — save for a five-year stretch in the Canadian Army — is that he grew up practically surrounded by policemen.

This is not to suggest that he never achieved anything illegal. On the contrary, several of his escapades could have earned him at least a short course in a provincial institution for freshmen. But the officers who investigated these incidents apparently decided the churl was just a plain, damned fool,

rather than a menace to society. They permitted him to remain at large with no more severe penalties than profane lectures on his idiocy and a brisk kick in the drawers.

Through some 70 years' newspaper experience, the churl has come to like policemen. (It should be explained that he is in his early 50's; however, when he was serving his apprenticeship, he frequently worked the 20-hour day, and feels entitled to count double time for this period.)

The churl has met some nasty gendarmes, and some dishonest ones. He has yet to see a man of either type promoted to a really responsible position. And he has seen the dishonest ones weeded out, but fast. He has known, too, a few wild and woolly characters in blue uniforms. They never amounted to much. They drifted out of the business and went into other lines of endeavor where their behaviour wasn't hampered by so many regulations.

On the other hand, the churl has yet to meet a habitual criminal he could like. And he has been acquainted with a few habitual criminals, beginning with the late Red Ryan.

The first time he met Ryan, the churl was convinced his simulated reformation was as phoney as a three-dollar bill. A reasonably intelligent and sensitive reporter soon learns to size up the characters he meets, else his editor will advise him to seek employment elsewhere.

(The churl does not propose to go into detail about how he identifies fakers. There is always the unhappy chance that some of *The Diamond's* readers believe they can still beat the

game when they return to the great, dumb, innocent outside world. The churl has no intention of rendering such parties the least aid, assistance or encouragement.)

As mentioned, between policemen and habitual criminals, the churl will take the coppers every time. He has yet to meet a police officer who has tried to intimidate, or even humiliate him. Whereas the supposedly tough boys with long, dirty records just couldn't live with themselves unless they were impressing the surrounding populace with what bad, mean, illegitimate sons they were.

Small wonder, then, that the churl was all for the boys who were going to help him live his harmless, aimless life in peace. But he wishes to make it clear that his references have been to the *habitual* criminal. He has met chaps who have slipped, been cooled off and returned to everyday life persuaded that honesty, though a bit dull, perhaps, was the best and most comfortable policy. The churl has even erred some minor assistance in helping these gentlemen get settled down.

The churl figures the boys who got jobs, bought homes and faded into the background had more guts than the ones who returned to poking pistols in the faces of bank tellers. They came out of pokey with two strikes on them yet they managed to compete with the rest of the population for employment and were suitably rewarded. They could have a drink if they felt like one, they could get married and they could go out nights if they were so inclined. (This is a low blow, admittedly, but the churl feels it's justified.)

And when it came to real toughness

he churl casts back to a police chief in a small town — not to Ryan or any of the other gunsters who have made the headlines in the last 30 years.

This chief of police was a fair-sized chap — around six feet. He wasn't heavy-set, he didn't bulge with muscle. But, like the Mounties, he always brought in his man. Sometimes, the man wasn't in very good shape. He had tried to argue about being arrested. The chief wasn't very popular around the town; he wasn't the palsy-

walsy sort, didn't fix summonses and so forth. But he sure as hell was respected — particularly after the night he took two young burglars out of a dark poolroom. They belted him about quite a bit in the early stages of the engagement, but they were a sad and sorry sight when it was over.

The churl, therefore, respects and, generally, likes policemen better than hardened criminals. The churl is a rather cowardly slob. He likes to be on the winning side.

The Cat

The whiskey spilled on the bar room floor,

The bar was closed for the night;

When out of his hole a little mouse strolled,

And sat in the pale moonlight.

He licked the whiskey off the floor,

While on his hip he sat;

And all through the night you could hear him shout,

Bring on that G. D. cat.

Lainett News (A.A.)

IF CHRIST HAD NEVER RISEN

Father F. M. Devine, S.J., Catholic Chaplain

Instead of the conventional treatment of the Easter theme, where the Resurrection of our Saviour from the tomb is dealt with, and where the positive effects of this historical event are stressed may we turn our thoughts to the negative side, so to speak, to what this world of ours would undoubtedly have been if the first Easter had been just another morning, if He had never risen.

To begin with, the sepulchre would have emerged from the gloom as the shadows fled before the advancing dawn. The Roman soldiers would have stirred in their sleep, stood up, yawned, stretched, noticed the little group of women approaching, and would have rolled back the stone for them. These women would have noticed a body lying stiff and motionless. They would have unwound the linen coverings, washed and anointed the body, gazed pityingly at the terrible gashes on the back, the awful holes in the wrists, feet and side. With tender care they would have rewound the linen, then left Him to lie in the stillness of death.

Had Christ not risen we would have never have heard of His Virgin Mother whom Wordsworth calls "our tainted nature's solitary boast". Peter, Andrew, John and the others would have rounded out their lives as fishermen of fish only on the Sea of Galilee, Matthew would have collected taxes and we would never have heard of Paul.

The cry of "Christians to the lions" would never have echoed in the Roman arena. There would have been no Christians changing the ancient Roman world. Its paganism then reigning supreme would have continued, eventually met the paganism of the north, and the fusion of the two would have molded our modern world. If Christ had not risen, the Roman world would not have been deluged with His grace nor transformed into a new life. Nor would the blond horde of the north have been civilized by Christianity. Both Rome, and Europe as we know her today, would have grown progressively worse had they not encountered Christianity, and our present world would have fallen heir to their viciousness, savagery and despair.

True, we might possibly have had electricity, television, and airplanes but we would have been without things much more precious. The noble cor



Reverend Father Felix Devine celebrating Mass

cepts which Christianity breathed into human society would be entirely missing. We would realize nothing of the dignity of the poor, nothing of a loving God, nothing of the permanency of the marriage tie, nothing of the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God, or the high dignity of labour, or the inalienable rights of the individual, or the consequent limits imposed on the state's authority; nothing of the sublime dignity of women; and nothing of our eternal destiny in the world beyond.

The millions of men who today, under the influence of Christianity, rise above the dangerous tendencies resident in every human breast, would be thronging temples dedicated to gods and goddesses personifying every conceivable form of animal desire. They would be participating in ceremonies deliberately calculated to brutalize and degenerate.

Man has spiritual needs which are rooted deeper into his being than are his material needs. His very nature clamours for union with God. He cannot escape that. If Christ had not risen there would have been no divinely appointed guide known as the Church to help satisfy this profound need, and to solve for him the great mystery of life. And no matter what he did he could not save his soul, for the gates of heaven would still be closed to the whole human race.

Sad it is that so much of our modern Christian world has lost sight of the source of its greatness and liberty. This source is the Risen Christ. Had He not risen, not only would our faith be vain, but our lives would be doleful, degrading and utterly meaningless.

WRONG ADDRESS????

Lately we have been plagued with returned magazines due to their being improperly addressed. If you are moving or if your magazine has been reaching only through the grace of an intelligent Post Office official, please let us know. Your new Postman may not be as dependable.



The Chevrons with Master of Ceremonies Brian Olney. Left to right: (front) Fred Kotowych, Brian Olney, Art Lawless; (rear) Dave Hawke, Curly Hanson, Ned Smith and Jake Carey.

On Sunday, February 14th, this institution played host to Mr. Brian Olney and a group of young local entertainers whose talent far exceeded any expectations which we might have had.

Mr. Olney, a local D.J. who handles several leading programs, including Brian Olney's Land Of Hi-Fi", handled the M.C. spot in the show while being admirably backed by "The Chevrons", a group of *young* musicians who specialize in Rock 'n' Roll music.

The show got off to a swinging start with "See Saw", a fast-moving instrumental featuring Fred Kotowych on the electric guitar. This number set the pace for the entire show; leaving no doubt as to its success. Mr. Kotowych handled his instrument very professionally which added much to the general effect of the band, who, I might add, all filled in very well.

Art Lawless on piano, Ned Smith —

SHOW TIME

by Jim Birnstihl

Drums, Jake Carey swingin' the Bass, Fred Kotowych and Curly Hennon pick and string men, Dave Hawke on sax and Mr. O. leading the group, and on occasion, pounding a nice tune on the piano: This gang handled all their numbers with a definite style unlike most rather noisy Rock groups. A real credit to the city of Kingston.

A satirical note was struck in the form of Art Lawless doing "The All-American Boy". His facial expressions and other interpretations had everyone in a steam on this popular ballad. I was also impressed with Dave Hawke on the Sax here. Dave has a legitimate style that will hold him in good stead throughout his musical career.

Joan Groves, a familiar face to many here, added no little amount of variety next with her personal interpretation of "Funny Valentine". This petite blonde has had a great deal of experience in the entertainment field locally



Eva Howard has just finished "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans", a favorite with the Rock-n-Roll set here.

and I feel that with a little effort on her part her talent could be expanded considerably. She has a very pleasing voice with the added impetus of movement which is so necessary in a leading performer. It was also interesting to note how this gal controlled her audience after the several Rock numbers which the Chevron's had offered previously. This feat can only be accomplished with talent.

Her other numbers, "Old Black Magic" and "When The Saints Go Marching In" were both handled in an excellent fashion. It was also evident that Joan was suffering from a case of stage fright, a malady not foreign to most entertainers, but once she hit the spot light light, a professional stance and bearing were exhibited.

Special note was also made of the fine job done by Ned Smith on the drums in this instance. He had everyone here at the "palace" marching right along with the "saints"; an unusually refreshing change of company,

if I do say so myself.

"Tallahassie Lassie" was the final tid-bit for the first half of the show. This tune was on the hit parade for many weeks and as a consequence, was familiar to the majority of the fellow who applauded with much gusto. Brian had the group do several impromptu singles during this number; something which we see all too little of in these here parts.

Brian and the boys came back after the brief intermission with a rousing version of "Guitar Boogie Shuffle". I am quite sure that a motorcycle belt would have been appreciated by several of the younger inmates as some type of stomach protector of some sort would have been needed to placate these jumpin' kids: Kids did I say? Honky John, for shame!

A real valentine, in the form of Eva Howard, was next on the agenda of talent. This was Eva's second visit this season and as far as we are concerned several more would be quite in order. Eva's personality alone seems to add so much light to the show; her excellent voice and professional stage manner do not come second but a combination of the three is hard to beat to say the least. By the way, those commercials you hear on CKWS are all the brain child of Eva, she writes them.

Her first song of the afternoon was "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans", a rock number if there ever was one. She handled this with her usual competence. It was not until later that I discovered Eva had never attempted a 'rock' arrangement before. Well, she certainly had everyone in the audience fooled as she performed in such a way as to draw envious sighs from many.

If we had an award to hand out each



Art Lawless at the piano.

ear, Eva Howard would almost certainly be our choice. When she was part way through "Little Things Mean A Lot" a line in that number asked for a kiss — you guessed it — she received 400 via the oxygen highway. Though she attained no small success in her native England, singing on the BBC and with several name bands, she was obviously very happy with her new country and her husband, for whom she gave up her career in England. "Red River Rock" was the next in-

strumental arrangement and here again the lad on Piano, Art Lawless, was a standout.

When Brian asked for a request from the audience for the last number, the choice of Joan and Eva in a duet was almost unanimous. These two cuties came on amid a thunderous applause. Though the number they selected had been heard earlier, "When The Saints Go Marching In" was an immediate success. Before the stage hand could close the curtains the audience literally demanded another tune by the girls. "Leap Frog", with strong instrumental backing, was it.

I cannot recall ever having heard anything quite like this. At times the music was completely lost to the almost continuous applause. Brian even got carried away with himself and began to dance with Eva, while one of the Chevrons was cutting a caper with Joan.

After several encores Brian was finally allowed to bring the show to a close.

It is not too often that we have the pleasure of viewing a show of this quality but, I am sure, all other attractions will be reviewed with this stopper as a "yard stick".

So, Brian, from all of us to all of you, thanks for a wonderful St. Valentine's Day. It will not soon be forgotten.

AROUND THE VOCATIONAL SHOPS

While roaming around the institution in search of conversation, I found the Vocational Machine Shop scene just as the boys were packing the last of several large cartons with small metal boxes. As I approached the cartons I was warded off by Mr. Bignon, the shop instructor.

As I was under Mr. Bignon's direct charge all last year, he was very fair with my . . .uh. . .curiosity. However, I soon established that my interests were honourable and I was allowed to look in one corner of the box. By liberal use of blandishment, I persuaded Mr. Bignon to remove one of the projects for closer inspection and before long I actually had this instructor vouching for my teeming statements.

The object was an emergency switch box for use in the cells of another federal prison and the machine shop had turned out the vital parts for 500 of these boxes. This project has helped in this year's course according to Mr. Bignon. It has given the men on course some experience in production line methods as there was a great deal of work involved in the manufacture of these emergency switches, the students learned to operate the machine by actual manufacturing experience. As an example of the progress they made, one student started out to make a shaft for this box and for the first week he only turned out about six shafts per day. Before the contract was completed this same student could turn 30 pieces a day. This was typical of all phases of the work, even the final assembly which was also done in the machine shop.

Following this project up I also talked to Mr. Irwin, Vocational Sheet Metal Instructor, whose class manufactured the casings for these switch boxes. Mr. Irwin felt that this project had cut in on his class somewhat, but he stated that experience gained by being engaged in the production manufacture of a sheet metal product was beneficial to the students. While in this shop I talked to some of the students and Mr. Irwin about the actual Sheet Metal course. The mock-up houses caught my eye and when I was informed that they even had basements my curiosity was further aroused. A short tour of one of these mock-ups followed and when Mr. Irwin described how the class would even install put sheet metal ducts in these houses I thought it might make an interesting article for a future issue. The reader can look for this with few photos also

CONTINUED On Page

AS WE SEE IT



Here we are again, looking over the wall and passing on to you our views of some of the events that happened on your side of the barrier. You may or may not agree with us: We sincerely hope, for your own sake, that you don't.

The Caryl Chessman Case: This is really Chessman's problem, but we cannot resist a few comments. Now that Governor Brown has defied the laws of the great state of California to give Caryl a 60 day reprieve, we think he will have his sentence commuted. We are not in a position to judge the right or wrong of execution, but this time we think it is more a case of the courts of California being dead set against allowing Chessman to defy their authority. Chessman has been a thorn in the side of Californians for over 12 years and they are looking to remove the cause of their discomfort. Reasonable enough, unless you happen to be Chessman.

The New Addition to the Royal Family First off, let us state that we are not miffed because we did not receive a Royal Amnesty. Were not exactly happy that there was no amnesty, but we didn't really expect it anyway. However, it did seem to us that there was something rather indecent in the

way the press handled this great event. We feel that this is a rather private affair between a woman and her family, even if the woman is our Queen, and that the only announcements about the birth should come after the event. Certainly we are not considered models of propriety, but don't you agree that the second by second, pain by pain reports were an invasion of privacy.

OLYMPIC HOCKEY — CANADA

LOSES: To get an opinion on this we asked quite a few of the inmates how *they* saw it. The general concensus of opinion: They are as proud of the K-W Dutchmen in defeat as they would have been in victory. Even in the 2-1 loss to the United States team our Canadian team was in there fighting even in the final seconds. The U.S.A. deserved their Gold Medal and Canada has no reason to be ashamed of the Silver. There is a certain amount of glory in losing graciously, especially if you have been a heavy favourite.

"My first experience at performing or speaking in public was an unusual — and disastrous — event.

"The firm where my father was employed had planned a Christmas party, complete with Santa Claus, for the employees' children. My father had been designated as Santa, but when the big day arrived he was sick in bed and the only available substitute was me.

"Well, I wasn't very enthusiastic about the idea, but I couldn't very well let all those kids be disappointed — so I got the pillow under my belt, put the suit on, and went on stage at the appointed time.

"Then the trouble started. I was so nervous I couldn't stand still and I kept jumping all over the place. There were over a hundred people in the audi-

ence and the thought of all of them looking at me and watching my every move, listening to every word I said, made me feel like running right off stage again.

"The kids were all looking at me expectantly, of course, and instead of the big, jolly ho-ho-ho, all I could muster was a few squeaks. If ever a fellow needed courage and self-confidence it was me that night. Somehow I managed to stumble through the performance, but I am sure Santa lost stature in a lot of young eyes that night. Letting all those children down has always bothered me.

"And that is one of the reasons I am taking this HUMAN RELATIONS COURSE now. I want to gain the poise, the courage and self-confidence needed to speak effectively in public."

HUMAN

RELATIONS

COURSE

This quote is typical of the first speeches given by the students of the HUMAN RELATIONS COURSE being given at this institution under the instruction of Mr. Downton, Classification Officer.

Our Inmate Committee of last year asked the administration if it would be possible to have this course given at Collin's Bay and, with a large assist from Mr. Downton, this request has become a reality. Over 70 men asked

to be enrolled in this course, proof of the need for it, but only 26 men were able to enroll for this first course due to a lack of facilities and the fact that it is a pilot project for this institution. The selections were made by a board comprised of Mr. F. Smith,

Deputy Warden; Mr. E. Atkins, Chief Keeper; Mr. Taylor, Chief Vocational Officer; and two Classification Officers, Mr. D. Cumpson and Mr. Wm. Downon.

Many inmates have asked the question: "What will this course do for me?" Well, I cannot say for a certainty what it will do for them, but I can say what it has done for thousands of others. Thomas Watson, Chairman of the Board, International Business Machines, said: "After we leave school the people we meet become our textbooks." The prime purpose of this course is to help people to read those textbooks more intelligently and to get greater pleasure out of reading them. This course will give you a better understanding of human nature and also the courage and self-confidence necessary to speak effectively, whether to a group or an individual. You will not be given the *ability* to speak more effectively, but your natural ability will be developed. Everyone has the ability, barring a physical impediment, but by gaining actual experience in talking to groups and by improving upon your delivery, this ability can be developed.

Not the least of the benefits to be obtained from this HUMAN RELATIONS COURSE is the development of your personality. Everybody admires the guy who can be the centre of attention without seeming to make any effort to do so. This is the man who understands people and who has the ability to speak effectively. I think that even the most egotistic inmates will admit that all is not perfect, personality-wise, or they probably would not be here. It is my personal belief that by helping men to develop their best

character traits you are helping them to stay out of prison.

The desire to be someone, to be important, is one of the motivating forces behind all human behaviour. Frustration of legitimate efforts to make his mark on the world can lead a man to resort to other methods and a lack of success can bring him to prison. There are some who will quarrel with this reasoning, however, while this is not the only reason men turn to crime, it is definitely a factor in the behaviour of a great many criminals.

So much for the importance of this course; what has it accomplished so far? Very few of the men taking this course had ever spoken before a group until the first session and this fact was quite evident. Downcast eyes, red faces, speeches in sotto voice and lack of continuity due to nervousness were all evident at this first session. Most men reported that they were unable to see the audience only a few feet away. A subconscious defense mechanism had caused the faces to blur and give the impression that, instead of being people, the audience was composed of manequins.

By the time session four had rolled around, these same men were getting up to speak and giving interesting, well-prepared talks. Self-confidence was beginning to come and the audience responded by being more interested in what the speaker had to say. Audiences are like that; if you can act as if you know what you are up to, they will listen more closely. As nervousness dissipated and the inmates on this course gained more experience, the talks grew more colourful, had more force, and everyone enjoyed it, including the speaker.

CONTINUED On Page 29

Prisoner Potential

The large number of "Job Wanted" ads this month is due to an unusually large amount of discharges scheduled for April and May. As this is the time of year when employment starts to rise, particularly in the building trades, we are hopeful that we will place some of these men.

We have not, as yet, made any progress in our new proposal for placing ex-inmates in industry, but we still have hope. What we are now trying to do is to persuade the large daily newspapers in the cities to become interested in our problem and to have them reprint the advertisement for us. Our circulation is too small to be effective but if we can get the newspapers to help us, we are sure that some job offers will result.

However, we are still asking the reader to give one of these men a chance to prove himself. If you are in a position to offer employment to one of these men it will be sincerely appreciated. All of these men are due for release withing sixty days.

Further particulars regarding any of the following advertisements may be obtained by writing to:

The Classification Officer
Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario

D-64 BATTERY MANUFACTURING PLANT WORKER

Age 30 Married 1 child Grade 10 Education. Previously employed in a battery manufacturing plant for 7 years Desires employment in same field in KINGSTON or TORONTO area.

COMMENT: This man has an agreeable and pleasant personality. The length of his work record in this field proves his interest in the trade and his dependability.

D-65 BARBER

Age 27 Single Grade 10 Education. Desires work as barber; has license. Willing to work anywhere in Ontario if he is given the opportunity to work at barbering.

COMMENT: D-65 has successfully

completed the Barbering Course offered at this institution and has obtained his license. He has over 4 years experience and the fact that there is always a waiting list for his chair in our Barber Shop attests to the quality of his work.

D-66 ELECTRIC FURNACE OPERATOR or FACTORY WORKER

Age 42 Married 6 children Grade 6 Education. Desires work in refining & smelting plant as electric furnace operator. Three years' experience as furnace man. Desires work in Peterborough or Kingston area.

COMMENT: A first offender, this man needs employment soon after his release. A good worker. One mistake in 42 years shouldn't be held against him

and has developed an interest in this work. He will take any job offered, but a job in the plumbing field would be greatly appreciated.

**D-68 DIAMOND DRILLER or
CONSTRUCTION WORKER**

Age 26 Single Grade 8 Education. Desires work in construction trade. Previously employed as construction worker and Diamond drill operator on pipe line work. 2 years' experience. Ottawa area.

COMMENT: This man is a good worker and would prove an asset to any firm doing construction work.

D-69 BAKER'S HELPER

Age 27 Married 2 children Grade 8 Education. Desires work as baker's assistant. Previously employed at same — 3 years' experience, Kingston area.

COMMENT: A good, husky worker, this man enjoys bakery work and would prefer to get back into this trade. He has some experience in the wholesale grocery line also and would take a job in this business if it is offered.

D-70 ANY JOB THAT IS OFFERED

Age 25 Single Grade 8 Education. Previously employed as a short order cook and labourer. 2 years as cook. Desires any work in St. Catharines area.

COMMENT: This young man has a pleasantly aggressive personality and a good mind. He learns fast and is capable of adapting himself to his surroundings quickly. D-70 realizes the need for steady employment if he is to remain out of prison and an employer would find him a 1st class worker.

D-71 GLAZER

Age 23 Married 2 children Grade 6 Education. Desires position as glazer. Previously employed as Glazer in King-

ston area for 4 years. Kingston area preferred.

COMMENT: A good glazer, this man knows the trade thoroughly. A job waiting for him upon his release would greatly ease life for him and his family.

D73 WELDER

Age 29 Single Grade 8 Education. Desires welding work. Previously employed as truck driver or farm hand. Toronto area preferred.

COMMENT: Here is a good example of a man who came to the prison with no trade and has bettered himself by taking the Vocational Welding course offered here. He has passed the course and now wants to work at his new trade. He should prove an able welder.

D-74 APPRENTICE CABINET

MAKER or CARPENTER

Age 21 Married 2 children Grade 9 Education. Desires an opportunity to apprentice himself to a Cabinet Maker. Previously worked as a truck driver for 4 years. Toronto area preferred.

COMMENT: Another man who has improved himself by taking a Vocational Training course here. D-74 did very well on the Carpenter's course, (80% averages) and now wants to pursue the trade further. He is willing to take construction carpentry work, but his real interest lies in cabinet making. A good worker in this field.

**D-67 PLUMBER'S HELPER or
DRIVER**

Age 37 Married 2 children Grade 8 Education. Desires work in plumbing trade, as construction worker or truck driver. Previously employed in construction trade — 9 years experience in Niagara Falls area.

COMMENT: Since coming to Collin's Bay this man has worked at plumbing

NEW DAIRY BARN AT COLLIN'S BAY

Bovine

Palace

Finished

The red carpet was rolled out for Ye Editor the other day and he was given a royal tour of this institution's new dairy barn. Not being selfish, Ye Editor has decided to allow the reader to share his amazement at the comforts of life in the animal world.

Construction was begun on this Bovine Ritz-Plaze in the summer of 1957 and to date \$150,000 has been spent on a shelter for the prize Holstein herd. The Great Granddaddy of this herd is Glenafton Wallace, a massive one and one-half ton bull who is the Canadian Grand Champion (see box for prize cattle and honours).



An overall view of the main section of the barn showing the stalls on each side of the feed passage.

FARM MANAGEMENT

Mr. Clark — Farm Manager

Mr. Harvey — Assistant Farm Manager

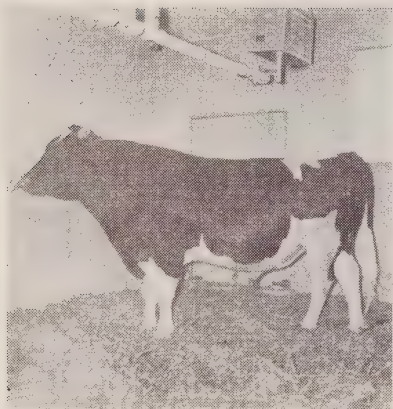
Mr. Bourque — Farm Office Manager

Mr. Carey — Dairy & Pasteurization Plant Manager

Mr. Garrison — Herdsman

Mr. Stinson — Herdsman

“Glenny-boy” is the most fearsome sight this city boy’s eyes have seen and it was with no small amount of trepidation that I approached his heavily bared pen. This fine animal stands almost as tall as yours truly and looks every ounce of his 3000 lbs. The three other bulls in the herd are: Pen Farm Adjudicator, a three-year old that weighs in at about 2000 lbs and is Reserve Grand Champion; Strathaven Pontiac Security (sounds more like a bank than an animal), a 1½ year old that tips the scales at a mere 1400 lbs. The baby of this foursome is Pen Farm Sovereign Trademark, a six-



**Glenafion Wallace, the prize bull.
Graded "Excellent".**

month old that is, even at this tender age, big enough to keep Ye Editor at a respectful distance, outside the pen.

Moving from the male section of this emporium, I was next introduced to the harem, 53 Holstein cows. These ladies are treated as their thoroughbred lineage warrants. Once every day they are given a beauty treatment by an inmate herdsman. This includes a good brushing, cleaning and any special attention that may be needed for hoofs, cuts or the like. Each cow is both named and numbered, and a record is kept of its performance.

Two types of stalls are used in the barn; the stanchion type stall and the comfort stall. In each of these there is a small dish for bone meal and salt and also a water pan. The cow can obtain fresh water by pushing down on a paddle with its nose. In the comfort stall the cow has a little more room and freedom than in the stanchion stall. In the stanchion stall the

cow's head is placed through the stanchion which is long enough to allow the cow to lie down when it wants to, but the stanchions are adjustable for short and long cows. This makes it possible to line up the cows so that the rear ends are in line. Two purposes are served by this; the cows are unable to step back into the gutter and there is a minimum of cleaning to do in the mornings. An automatic stable cleaner removes the manure from the gutters and carries it directly to a waiting truck. In the comfort stalls the cows are chained in place and the stall is also a little bigger than the others. Both types are equipped with an India rubber pad in order to protect the hooves of the animals.



A view of the Stanchion Stalls showing the India rubber pads and the Automatic Stable Cleaner in the gutter.

A feed room with overhead hoppers and scales is necessary to provide the balanced diet given the thoroughbred herd. Each grain of food is weighted in careful proportions and some of the animals even receive special diets. At

the time I was wandering around trying to look as if I knew what was going on, I was forced to ask a few thousand questions and one of them had to do with what I took to be the forced feeding of a cow. The herdsman was pumping a liquid down the throat of one matron with an instrument that looked like a grease gun. He filled the gun from a pail and when one of the men held the cow's mouth open he inserted it and pumped the liquid into the animal. Turned out this was a sugar mixture and after the first taste the cow didn't seem to mind at all.

For the reader who, like Ye Editor, is rather amazed at all this care and comfort for a cow, I had better explain that we use the most modern methods of caring for a prize herd. Pays off, too. For instance, the dam of our youngest bull has produced 150,000 lbs. of milk to date. To put this in terms the average householder can understand, this cow has given the equivalent of 60,000 quarts of milk in her lifetime. Enough to satisfy the needs of a small city for a day.

Moving on through the barn we come next to the maternity ward. Here the matrons have their calves under the eye of the obstetrician — I mean herdsman — and they receive a great deal of care as a calf is a valuable addition to the herd. The young calves are then taken from the mother and placed in another room just off the maternity ward. This, of course, is the nursery. There are small pens here for the young, and two sections, one for each sex. The 14 box stalls in the maternity ward are used for sick cattle as well as expectant mothers and it is also used to contain some of the young calves that have grown too big



An overall picture of the "nursery" showing the young calves of the herd.

for the nursery pens. All pens have the automatic water dispenser and it does not take the calves too long to learn the purpose of this dish. One small bull calf, only eight days old when I saw it, had already mastered this puzzle and took it as a matter of course.

Our herd gives approximately 1500 lbs. of milk a day at the present time and this is processed in our own dairy. (The dairy will be the subject of an article next month.) The training the men here receive in our dairy barn is a valuable one. Not all men are able to master the trades' training given at C.B. Pen and for those who are from the rural districts, and who intend to work on farms after their sojourn here, training as a herdsman is worthwhile. One inmate told me he has written an exam for his Herdsman's papers and has every expectation of passing it. Not knowing anything about this trade, I asked a few

questions and from his answers I could see that he was enthusiastic about this work. The pay is not overwhelming, but when you consider that living quarters, food, electricity and heat are provided, \$180 a month is not bad.

Our new barn has brought one boon to the inmate population also: Fresh milk every morning for the cereal. Milk

has been a scarce item around here and with our young population it is very much in demand. Our modern dairy produces the milk (with a small assist from the cows, of course) and it may be that we will even see the odd cup of milk on the line this summer. Anyway, *you'll* see the dairy next month.

THIS SEASON

Where snow-encrusted poplars lift
Their white arms to the naked stars
I walk upon a winter drift,
Beneath the open eye of Mars.
Here is a loveliness as bare
And brutal as a sharpened knife,
The earth a web of ice, the air
A razor at the throat of life.
Uneasily I turn about
And walk for home and firelight,
While overhead the trees cry out
Against the bitter weight of night.
by G. I.



The election for the inmate SPORTS & ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE was held in the latter part of February and the following men were successful candidates: "Big Red" Dunlop, "Pappy" Morgan, John "Alan", George Preston and Al Teeple. The number of men on the COMMITTEE was upped from three to five this year and, who knows, maybe it will help.

To those candidates who were unsuccessful, we offer condolences. There is something to be said for any candidate, successful or not; at least he had the courage to throw his hat in the ring.

SPORTS

AT THE BAY

by R. James Cox

Though icy winds and heaps of snow till keep us huddled 'round the steam-heating radiators (not counting those few who dare to brave the weather every once in a while), summer sport has not been forgotten. Not on your life has it been forgotten, in fact, for the past several weeks "baseball" has been the main topic of conversation around this joint! It seems that most everyone has something to say about how good a ballplayer they REALLY are and just why they didn't make such a good showing last season, and if only they'd do something about this, or that, and on and on, etc., etc. — well, you'll all have a chance to show how good you are very soon.

The committee, with the help of our newly appointed Commissioner of baseball, Louis Licastro, have already started things rolling by appointing managers to the four BIG LEAGUE teams. They've also give the nod to Marve Simons for the position of Chief Umpire.

Joe Smith, a real old timer around here, will manage one of the yet-to-be-picked teams, and Marve Huffman who has had much experience, being that he piloted the Braves of last year to 3rd place position in the pennant race will take over another. "Skinny Iac" MacDonald and Tom Lucik are the other two strategists named to head teams this season.

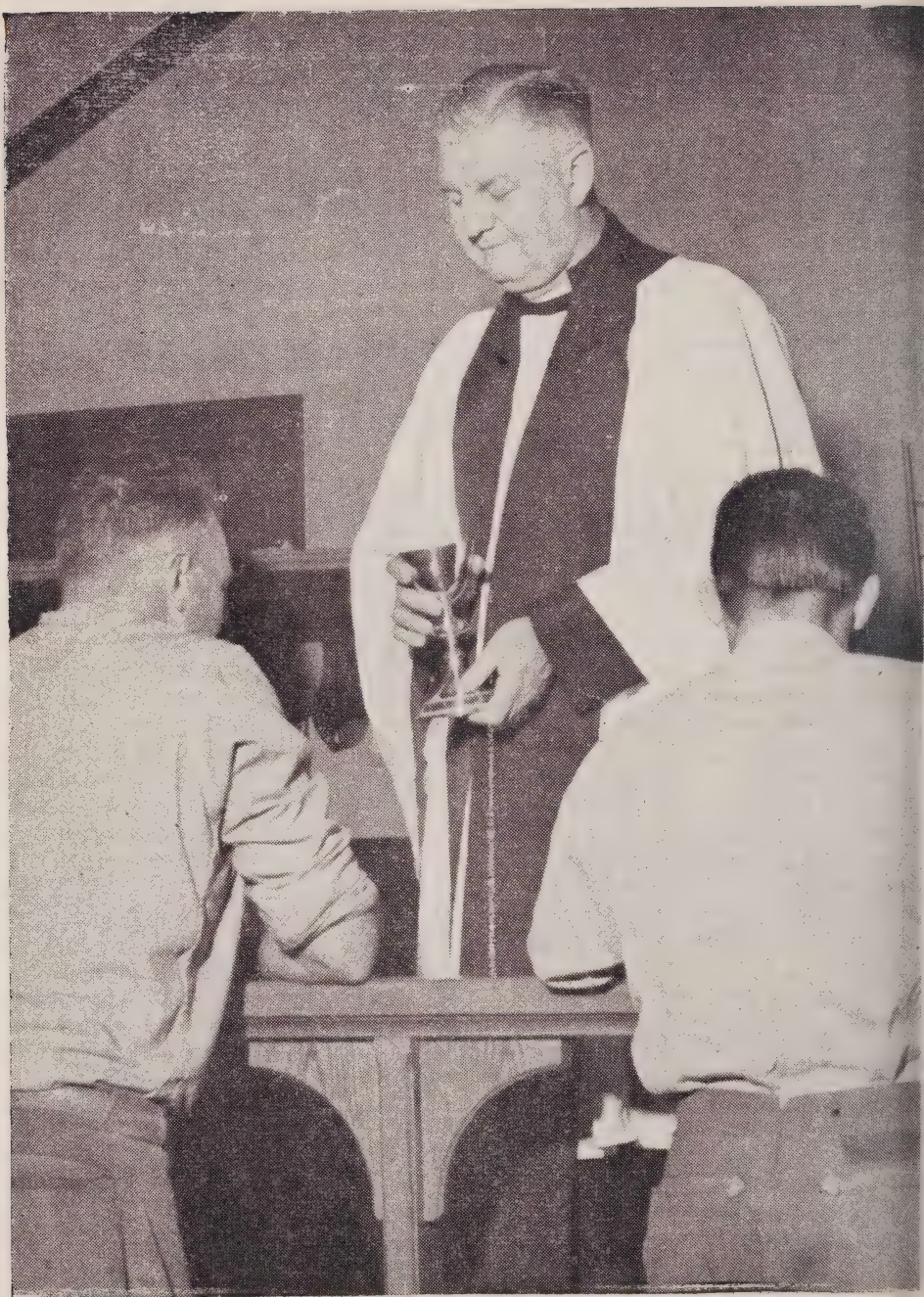
There should be no shortage of um-

pires from what I hear. Simons, the Chief Umpire, will have helping him call games, eleven other men in the persons of: Al Teeple, Allen, C. Reddick, MacDonald, Gerry Ellis, Bob Mondeville, Whalen, King, Potter, Elliot and Dino Kanary.

Although the ball season is still a month or so away, much is being done by the powers that be to assure us of a well organized year. Many of their plans are still in the idea stage of course, but one thing that has been definitely decided on is that we'll be playing nine inning games rather than trying to squeeze in two seven inning games in one afternoon.

One other item of news before we close up comes straight from the horse's mouth (that's me). This year the DIAMOND'S editor has promised to set aside money from his meager bank roll to pay for a "PLAYER OF THE MONTH" page. Very generous of him, don't you think — 'specially since he thinks it will get you off his back for the rest of the summer. In any case, whoever is picked for this award will be in line for some sort of prize and will have his picture along with a short write up about him printed in the sport section.

Well, that's it for this month so I leave you with this short message: "If you happen to be picked Player Of The Month — Don't forget to get your hair cut!"



Reverend Canon Minto Swan giving Communion

WHAT EASTER MEANS TO ME

By Canon Minto Swan, Protestant Chaplain

The message of Easter was the most hotly debated doctrine of the Christian Church in the early centuries but finally was accepted as an undisputed fact of history. However, it is not the fact that Jesus Christ rose from the grave which has always captured my imagination, but the effect of that fact upon the lives of those who had been the followers of Jesus during his earthly ministry.

The Resurrection changed the whole life of every individual who knew that Jesus appeared for Forty Days after His Resurrection. He came back to visit with His former friends. He had breakfast with the fishermen on the shore of the lake. He taught them a new quality of life.

It is this quality of life, which I am anxious to possess. It is that kind of living which gives victory over the baser things of life. It is the type of every day experience which gives enthusiasm peace, joy and happiness to all relationships with others. It is something which keeps life above envy, jealousy and losing my temper.

It is the word of St. Paul: "If ye then be risen with Christ, see those things which are above."

Easter means that to me.



THE PENITENT

WINTON DOES IT AGAIN, blared the headlines. It was the sixth murder conviction Mr. Harvey Winton had won in the short period of eleven months that he had been Crown Attorney for the city.

The newspaper story went on to relate how Mr. Winton had captivated the all-male jury from the very beginning of the trial with his vastly

by Jim Birnstihl

superior oratorical abilities. It further added that Mr. Winton summed up his argument with the words "Truth Will Out". Indeed, these very words had become somewhat of a trade-mark for the young prosecutor as his previous five jury cases had been summed up in the same manner.

The people of Mr. Winton's fair city felt secure. Not in ten years had the local gallows been so work laden. And, needless to say, the city fathers were proud of their young prosecutor for the city was well rid of this element. Before long, it had become a standing joke with the townspeople that if one

wanted to commit a felony, he would be better off travelling to the next county, well out of Mr. Winton's legal reach.

This happy state of affairs continued for many years and as late as 1953 Mr. Winton's fair city boasted the lowest crime rate in the country, *per capita*. The record was envious indeed. The years treated Mr. Winton very well; though his hair was beginning to grey a little around the temples and his stomach took on some of the aspects of a well-rounded larder, his vigour and enthusiasm for his job were exemplary.

One sunny afternoon not long ago, Mr. Winton called a short press conference to announce his retirement. The news was received with some misgivings by the council because "Win", as he was affectionately known to his many friends, would be hard to replace. After some debate it was decided that a banquet should be given in Mr. Winton's honour, with all his friends, legal associates, relatives and the city fathers in attendance. It was to be a gala affair indeed, "worthy of the outstanding service given by Mr. Winton in the past", stated the mayor.

The big day finally arrived and, as was fitting for the occasion, Mr. Winton was busy preparing his final arguments for the jury in what would be his last murder case; in point of fact, it could be his last case of any kind.

That afternoon Winton was in rare form. The old court stenographer, who had witnessed most of Win's cases, said it was one of his best to date. It goes without saying that the defendant was summarily convicted and sentenced to the gallows. Naturally, Mr. Winton had remained true to form—

"Truth Must Will Out", was his last courtroom utterance.

Sometimes, however, juries have a very inconsiderate way about them. They can keep one waiting for hours and hours. Such was the case with Mr. Winton's last public performance and the inevitable verdict was not reached until 8:25 p.m. that evening.

The banquet being held in Win's honour began at 8:00 p.m. and, as was customary, the guests began to arrive around seven thirty. As the minutes ticked by eight, and finally reached thirty minutes past that hour, His Worship, the Mayor, who was holding the chair, began to get a little nervous. At last a message arrived. Win could not be expected before nine.

The mayor was seen to rise from his place on the right side of the chair of honour and approach one of the councilmen further down the table. After several minutes of hurried conversation they left the head table and approached a pleasant faced, middle-aged priest, one Father Shea. There is no known record of the exact conversation, but His Worship appeared to be executing his own oratorical abilities and seemed to be pleading with the good Father for a few opening remarks, something to appease the restive gathering until the guest of honour arrived.

This was obviously an inconvenience to the priest, who had had no opportunity to prepare any appropriate remarks for the occasion. It was also noted that the vast majority of the guests were total strangers to him. It dawned on Father Shea that he didn't quite know how he had come to be invited to the dinner. Only that afternoon one of his parishioners had called

with the invitation and, thinking that he could better acquaint himself with the leaders in his new environment, he accepted. Though Father Shea had heard of Winton's court room exploits, he had never had the pleasure of meeting the man.

It's strange, he thought as he made his way to the head table, that Mr. Winton's well known words should come to his mind at this time—"a terrible thing, worth mentioning, too," some heard him mutter as he proceeded to the speakers' table.

Father Shea was received politely by the assemblage. A stranger with something to say was a real oddity in town, even if he was a man of the cloth. The Father rambled on at some length to the topic of truth — befitting the occasion he thought. Here he interrupted his talk to enlighten his audience with a tale; not rustic, not mock-heroic, not satirical, but grim. This story at once caught the imagination of the group, but he not confused, any topic of a similar nature would have had the same effect.

This grim tale dealt with confessions. It seems that the Father's *first* penitent was a young man of normal abilities and average social standing in the town. For these circumstances the good Shepherd was understandably pleased, for God's intemperate mortals carry a heavy load indeed. But the average sin-load was not the case with this young man. In fact, this gentleman had a very unusual problem: He was a murderer. Because the laws of the church demand secrecy from its priests, the felon was permitted to go about his daily chores, quite at ease

with himself and God, it seemed. But not so with the young priest. For several months he was deeply disturbed with his charge. After repeated conclaves with his Heavenly Superior, he finally took solace in the very words which the guest of honour had made so realistic to the town folk: "Truth Must Will Out".

The priest's remarks, and especially his tale, lingered in the minds of the gathering longer than most "before dinner" speakers' talks. The story was still very vivid when Mr. Winton entered the room some five minutes later amid thunderous applause from his fellows.

As he stood at the table, a tear glittering in each eye, he let his mind wander over the many years he had spent among these people — his friends and neighbours. Unconsciously he began to look around the room smiling and nodding to each one; each friend.

When he spotted the priest a look of instant recognition was noted by several of the dignitaries seated nearby "Well, well," said Mr. Winton in a booming yet friendly voice, "if it isn't Father Shea. I bet you don't even remember me, do you Father?"

Not giving the priest a chance to answer, he went on: "Ladies and gentlemen, I knew we had a new priest in town but I had no idea it was this good Father Shea. You must all drop over to the church on Sunday morning, he said in a humourous tone. "Why I was the Father's very first penitent and I made him a confession which I promise you, astonished him."



CONTINUED From Page 15

I believe that this is one of the most important courses offered at this institution and our Committee is to be commended for having the foresight to request it for us. The prime movers in obtaining the Human Relations Course were Morgan, Dunlop, McGregor and Mr. Downton. Mr Downton did all the ground work, preparing the material, cutting through red tape, obtaining a room for the course itself and even giving up his Saturday afternoons to instruct the class. The Committee started the ball rolling though, and they voted for welfare funds to provide the awards; a small sum, but a difficult one to obtain by any other method.

The awards are for the Best Speech at a session and another for the most improvement at the session. To date the winners for Best Speech have been

Walter Petelka (Session 2); Dave MacLean (Session 3); and Ted Chapman (Session 4). The Most Improvement awards have been won by: Jack Connolly and David Harkness (Session 2-tie); Cecil Reddick (Session 3); and Del Haskill (Session 4).

These awards are given after each man in the class votes for the men he thinks deserve the awards and, I might add, the choices have been good ones. There is no popularity contest involved here and each man stands or falls on his own merits.

The final session for this course will be held in late April and there will be some sort of ceremony for the graduates with, we hope, outside guests attending. We'll let you know how it all turns out in our June issue and we may even be able to state some future plans for this course at that time.



CONTINUED From Page 12

Before we leave this topic, I had better mention that the Vocational Velders also took part in the manufacture of these switch boxes. They did some spot welding on the casings under supervision of Mr. Parks, welding instructor.

The fact that all the instructors mentioned that they felt the men in their shops benefitted by the experience of working on a production line points up one of the faults of the work programme in the institution. Most of the work here is either of the fix-it variety or work essential to the maintenance of the institution. I feel that if men are to be prepared to work in industry upon their release, they should work under the same type of conditions while here. Certainly we are not asking to be worked like slaves, but it is necessary that we work under the same conditions we will meet outside if the transition from prison to factory is to be made with a minimum of trouble. One other point: we have to make the employer feel that we are better workers than anyone else. If we are not as good, or only as good, the employer will naturally hire the man without a record.



Our Gal — Katie Murtagh.

KATIE

HOLDS

BAY AUDIENCE

AT BAY

by Jim Birnsti

Several weeks ago the men here at Collin's Bay Pen were witness to one of the finest stage shows ever presented here at our home on the shores of beautiful lake Ontario.

The GAL responsible for this hour-and-a-half of fun was none other than our favorite Miss — Katie Murtagh. It should be mentioned here that the short duration of the show was due in part to several musicians who, traveling from Toronto, were unable to determine which institution, of the many here in Kingston, that they were booked for. However, this tale does have a happy ending as, after several impromptu performance at sundry 'joints'

such as R.M.C., Queen's University and Joyceville, they made it here in time to accompany the first of many fine acts.

Before the show got underway, Jim McGregor of the Inmate Committee presented Katie with a dozen roses and a hand tooled leather purse as token of our appreciation for her many labors on our behalf. It really took more than a slight effort for her to contact people and arrange a show of this dimension and to then bring it down here from Toronto — at no expense to the inmates or the institution. We sincerely hope that Katie and the other members of the cast will pay

a return visit in the very near future.

The show got off to a fast start with two lovely gals from the big city, who offered their version of the immortal Can-Can. This little piece of "gay Paris" was well received, to say the least. Gloria and Kay, the two girls in question, showed an excellent sense of timing and a boundless energy in this number. The same couple treated us to several tap numbers also, including "East Side, West Side" and "London Bridge".

The M.C., Pat Doyle, took over here for a few laughs. His ad-libs and satires, especially on Joe Woodhouse, had everyone in the mood. This laddy-buck has been around as was evident from his stage manner throughout the show. Many of the inmates were familiar with Pat as he is one of the top M.C.'s in Canada today, and can be seen in a leading club or show around the big town several times a year.

A real treat was in store for the fellows next. Miss Betty Robinson, a ninety-nine pound bundle of talent, came on to the thunderous cheers of 450 vocal critics. Betty has played several top night clubs around the country and certainly knows her business. As a singer she is tops, but it required no small amount of will power for many to concentrate on her voice in preference to her figure. This writer (if you'll excuse the expression) has heard many opinions on this subject since that sunny day in January and a few might give the reader an idea of her reception. The boys in the Vocational Electric shop had a lively debate on the subject of legs: it was a draw between Betty Grable and Miss Robinson. And one fellow went so ar

as to describe her in the light of France's "B.B."

Betty's first number was symbolic, "Daddy". A personalized delivery was the focal point here and it seems that everyone was in accordance with me on this point.

Her second ditty, "Until There Was You", was rendered in the same personalized style as the first and the applause was indicative of the gang's appreciation, in fact, a third number was quite in order. "Just In Time", with a few bumps and grinds thrown in for good measure, was a fitting finalé for a wonderful little trooper.

The stellar attraction of the afternoon was then called upon. Joey Hollingsworth, Sparton Records recording star, hit the spot light. Joey is no stranger to the men here at the Bay, but his performances certainly do improve with age. This versatile young man can hold his own anywhere in the vocal department, with particular emphasis being placed on the rock 'n' roll phase of music. His adlibs were a real funny-bone tickler and to top it all off, he is no mean dancer; both tap and the soft shoe.

Mr. H. gave forth his version of "Lonesome Road" to the delight of everyone. He worked his audience into a dream-like trance and as a closer, gave with a note that still has the feller's wonderin'.

Joey also did a creditable job on a comedy scene while breaking into "Something On Sinners". This was immediately followed by "Noah" which, in turn, had the "theatre" jumping. It is not without little wonder that the windows were in one piece after this tune. This, of course, says some-

thing for their manufacturer.

It is our prediction that this man will someday be heard from in other entertainment media, as a talent like this cannot be kept under cover for long. It is indeed heartening to learn that a recent disc of Joey's is doing very well and is in the top 40 at the present time. This number, "Yow, Are You Hungry Baby?", was written by Joey as well. The flip side is a catchy little gasser written by his manager, Billy O'Connor: its title "All I Want To Do Is Tap".

The Hansen Sisters, Andrea and Florence, took their cues here and gave forth with an exhibition of talent seldom seen in these parts. We cannot remember ever having seen two girls with such skill on the violin. We were indeed fortunate to have had these kids for the afternoon as they will shortly be leaving for Europe on an extended tour.

The girls gave us several numbers, but the one which I think deserved most recognition was "Westward Ho". I will venture here that wagon wheels never turned as fast as these gals manipulated the strings while doing several intricate dance steps in between. A terrific job girls — lots of luck.

A word of thanks here for an excellent job in the musical department. This group, a pick-up band from Toronto, did a remarkable job considering they never played together before. Though their efforts were always acknowledged, they never came out of vogue during the show. Bill Burtch on drums, Collin March — Accordion, Jim Younger — Sax., Vic Cremasco on Base, Don Steele (of Country Hoe-Down fame) on the Quitel, Mitch Melnic — Tenor Sax.; our hats are

off to you, fellows.

The final act of the show was made up of the one and only Katie Murtagh. It would be foolish to attempt a marathon avalanche of plaudits on Katie as this has been more than covered in other editions of the penal press. Every one knows by this time that Katie is the institution favorite, and rightly so for my money; as her personality and talent have more than warranted this place in our hearts.

Her first offering was "Apple Blossom Time", her favorite. I must admit that part of the number was obliterated by the continued applause, but what we heard was top notch.

Katie has been billed as Canada's Sophie Tucker. I think this is a grave injustice. Katie has a style all her own and should be appreciated for this. It is true that in some of her numbers and arrangements a TUCKER note is present, but Katie is Katie not an imitation of Miss Tucker.

Our Lady M's last two numbers "Big Daddy" and "Who's Sorry Now?" were highlights of the show. And I am sure that Mr. L. and Mr. W. will long remember her visit. However, after the red faces had disappeared, everyone settled down again while she brought the show to a close by introducing everyone in the cast; this was done in a very unique fashion via a musical introduction to each.

A steak dinner was enjoyed by the group in the Officer's Mess after the show. Warden V.S.J. Richmond took that opportunity to thank everyone for the time, energy and expense of the undertaking on the inmates' behalf and invited Katie and the gang back again — stating that they were always more than welcome.

The Jovial Jester



WACKY WIT



A young medical lieutenant, who walked past the psychiatric ward each morning and watched one of the inmates go through the motions of winding up and pitching an imaginary ball, was finally asked by one of his friends why he stopped and watched the patient go through his act every day.

"Well," he answered, "if things keep going the way they are, I'll be in there one of these days catching for that guy and I want to get used to his curves."

he best way to make antifreeze is to hide her pyjamas.

Guard: (To prisoner about to be electrocuted) "Have you any last words?"

Prisoner: "Yeah, I'd like to offer my hat to a lady."

Say it with flowers,
Say it with sweets,
Say it with kisses,
Say it with eats,
Say it with jewellery,
Say it with drink,
But be on the safe side:
Don't say it with ink!

Our San Francisco correspondent writes us about a contest the prisoners in Alcatraz are holding. The rules are very simple. They have to finish a sentence in 25 years or less. . .

Times have changed. It used to take two sheep two years to produce the material for the outfit of a well-dressed woman. Nowadays, a silkworm can do it on his Sunday afternoon off.

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to what the girls have been thinking of all winter.

Cops and Robbers

A few snide remarks about the recent Chicago Police Scandal

Being human, it would be just too much for us to allow the recent Chicago police scandal to pass into oblivion without adding our two cents worth of comment.

Admittedly, it is a rarity for half the police force to be aiding a burglar. However, we are able to identify ourselves with the bandit in this case as some parts of his tale evoke memories of similar woes that befell us. Using an article which appeared in LIFE magazine as the basis of our comments we will get on with the tragedy.

It seems that the young burglar in question, Richard Morrison, 23, was the victim of a chance meeting. He happened to meet a police officer coming out of a liquor store one night and this good guy (as opposed to the bad guys) greeted him with the comment: "Well, if it isn't our little burglar, Richie." Richie *claims* he was treading the line until this happenstance event; we leave you to your own conclusions on this point.

At any rate, after a high level conference between our young hero and several Chicago patrolmen a business venture was decided upon and while there is no record of a charter being issued to the new corporation, evi-

dence seems to indicate that all participants in the firm were gainfully and assiduously employed, for a while at least. In speaking of their first score I mean "contract", Richie is quoted as saying: "Faraci (a Policeman), was in squad car 207 that night and he kept circling to see if everything was okay. The other squads kept passing the place every few minutes to see if everything was all right too. I told them to keep away until they got word from Brinn (policeman) on the three-wheeler, then we would be gone and they could go in and clean up."

No wonder Richie had to tell them to keep away! Can you imagine being in the position of burglarizing an establishment and seeing police cruiser passing by every minute. I mean, how **could you know** if they were in on the plot. And even if they were in, how could you know if they were good, honest, trustworthy thieves or not. One can't be too careful who he associates with, you know.

Ritchie admits that things weren't too well organized on this first venture. "The police officers must have too twice as much as we did. They even took the back seats out of their (squad cars to get more in." Greed, the down-

fall of many an otherwise good man!

However, the director of this corporation soon got things organized a little better. A short time later, after Morrison had cracked a safe in a meat market, he told the officers, "The door is open, you can round up *the boys* and bring them in."

This is where superior organization started to pay off. According to our out-of-uniform bandit, "They called in every available squad from the distdict. They had a paddy wagon and three squad cars. Anyways, they cleaned the whole market." I bet that paddy wagon was real handy to have on call. Even grand pianos weren't safe now. The police officers weren't entirely selfish with their loot from the meat market though. They invited Richie over for steak dinners from time to time.

At times, this well run and very profitable company seemed to disintegrate. The police decided that they wanted to fill their refrigerators with goodies and a hit upon a food store was in order. "So we picked this one out and I opened the door with a crowbar. We were all running around inside the store until I (Richie) happened to think, who was listening to the calls in the squad?" One of the officers said, "*somebody's* got to listen to them." Richie volunteered because, "*This is all your stuff.*"

From this little anecdote it is quite plain that the police officers all wanted to be sure that they got their end and they were too busy handpicking the delicacies for their freezers to even keep watch for each other. Just goes to prove that there is no honour among. . . ?

Their next move can be put no more aptly than Morrison himself did it:

"Moving on down the line, spring was coming around and these police officers were real anxious to get some outboard motors." Now who could find fault with that? Is there anything more natural than for a group of sportsmen to desire new motors for their boats?

Here is where the real genius behind the group exposes himself. Richie had to call upon a friend for some help with this one. He said to his buddy "You got to do me a *favour*. I can't hold six bricks but if we both throw a couple we'll knock the whole window out and we'll get away." Here is a man that is quite capable of tackling the difficulties that beset a businessman. Surely this is a robbery that is unique in the annals of crime. And he anted to be sure that they got away. Didn't he trust his associates?

This robbery was a temporary success also. The officers "went in and pretended like they were investigating and they took their own outboards." Aren't there laws in Chicago about shopping that late at night?

It was at this point that our little Richie decided he had earned a holiday. He went to the land of sand and gave up some of his hard earned dividends to the wheels of fortune at Las Vegas. When he returned the police told him about some burglaries they did while he was away. Proves that you can't turn your back for a minute or someone will be after your job.

Morrison now gets caught in the financial squeeze that so many of us are familiar with. "The ones I went on jobs with would sometimes let their friends on D-3 (detectives) know that I did it so I had to pay guys in D-3 to forget about the case. It cost quite a bit." And some of you have the

nerve to complain about the high cost of living or the tax rate! Can't you just see this poor man's predicament? The high cost of living has him trapped on a vicious treadmill and he doesn't dare step off.

"Well, you can see that something had to happen besides the burglaries to get money and sure enough one day a guy came up to me and cut me in on counterfeit \$100 bills." Can't keep a good man down. However, this new action worried Richie no end and he came to look at things in a new and philosophical light.

"After June 4 I started going to the race track just to have a good time and to try to enjoy the summer, as I knew it would probably be my last one for a while." This is a statement that will really hit home with some

inmates. It may be noted that Morrison's air of defeat was warranted as he knew it. So it is with most criminals who pile up a large number of offenses. They realize there has to be an end and they try to prepare for it even if their method is strange.

Our little tale would not be complete without a moral. Mr. Richard Morrison has provided us with the words in what must certainly be a classic statement, one which should be recorded for posterity:

"So all in all, when I come right down, I have to say that no matter how many people you know or how many coppers you go on burglary with, the law of averages catches up with you and CRIME DOESN'T PAY."



CUBAN LEND-LEASE?

Cuba, under Fidel Castro, has been waging a hate-America campaign for some months now and there has been little retaliation from the United States of America. For awhile it appeared that the Americans held the financial lifeline of the Cuban's in the form of the sugar import quotas, but now Fidel has found another customer. Another point that may be worrying the U.S. is Mikoyan's visit.

Wouldn't it be disastrous if Castro agreed to lease some Cuban land to Russia for the purpose of rocket bases? But then, we have already explained why no one need fear a nuclear war; I think.